

The Mirror

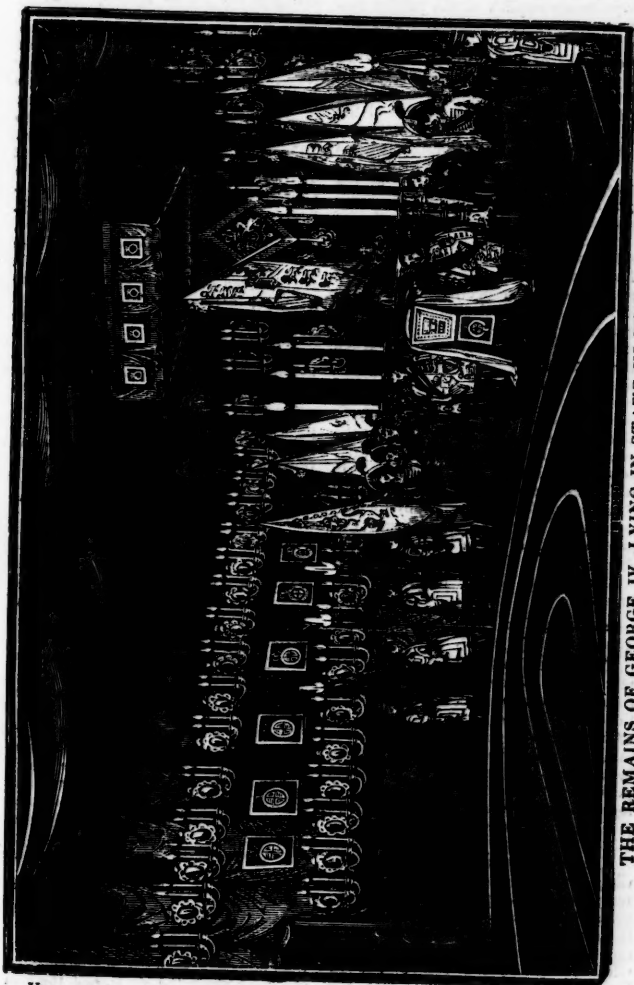
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]



THE REMAINS OF GEORGE IV. LYING IN STATE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

FUNERAL OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

IN conformity with the intention expressed in No. 437 of *The Mirror*, it now becomes our duty to present the reader with the details of the splendid obsequies of his late Majesty. This we hope to accomplish in the present and Two succeeding Numbers. The annexed page, therefore, represents the ceremonial of the Royal Body LYING IN STATE; a Supplementary Sheet, also now publishing, contains a half-sheet Engraving of the PROCESSION; and the Number to be published on Saturday next will complete our design, with a View of the INTERIOR of ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL during the CEREMONY of the INTERMENT. The considerate reader need not be told that the preparation of these three engravings has been attended with much expense and personal fatigue. The requisite sketches were made expressly in the respective places; the first being copied in the State Apartment, and subsequently examined; the Procession and Chapel ceremonies sketched during their progress; and the canopies, costumes, and decorative emblems having since been compared and revised by access to the several originals. The results are now presented to the public, with the anticipation of their accuracy being duly appreciated; in which case we hope to get more than "our labour for our pains," by the enjoyment of the further confidence and good opinion of each reader of *The Mirror*.

The subject of the immediate Engraving is

THE LYING IN STATE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

The visitors to this part of the ceremony were divided into two classes: such as were admitted by privilege tickets from the Lord Chamberlain's office; and the public, who were admitted by the facile passport of decorous behaviour. The official order required persons to appear in "decent mourning," but many whose wardrobe would not allow this outward woe were admitted to the royal chamber.

The entrance for the ticketed, or privileged, visitors, was by the way of the temporary gate opposite the Long Walk, and up the ascent to George the Fourth's Gate, into the great quadrangle. For the public generally (those admitted without tickets) the course was by Henry the Eighth's Gate, into the Lower Court, in which St. George's Chapel is situated; and from thence

ascending the hill in front of the houses of the Poor Knights, they crossed the platform, down which the procession afterwards moved, into a space close to the Tower occupied by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, where an iron gate opens upon the Castle Terrace. Through this gate the public passed along the terrace to a temporary staircase, and were thus led by different avenues through the State Apartments; and again crossing the platform in the Upper Court, retired by St. George's Gate, to the left of George the Fourth's Gate; thus avoiding all contact with those who had not yet witnessed the solemn scene.

Whoever has paced this magnificent Terrace, may form some idea of the effect of passing from its splendid prospect to the gloomy chambers of death. The day was one of unclouded sunshine, and while numbers pressed on to the goal of their melancholy curiosity, not a few lingered by the parapet-wall of the Terrace, to enjoy the richly-variegated scenery of the subjacent landscape. The grand features of the prospect are too well known to require quotation; yet, probably, never did we contemplate them with greater interest. We halted to enjoy the "summer livery" of its smiling meads; the sylvan beauty of its forest glades, and verdant portico of woods; the grey towers of Eton, and the silver, silent stream of the Thames meandering through the cultured vale; whilst beside us

Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent.

To linger on such an occasion, and contrast the never-ending luxuriance of nature, with the frailty and perishable trappings of art, were, indeed, no unseemly association with the memory of the most illustrious of men.

We turned—and ascending the temporary stairs, passed through a long, circuitous, and dimly lamp-lit passage, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with black cloth, into the King's Guard Chamber. The transition from the sunshine of open day to the sombre hue of these passages was, indeed, painfully sudden, gladdened as had been our eyes with the joyous scene from the Terrace.

In the King's Guard Chamber, which was narrowed into a passage by black draperies, stood a number of the Horse Guards. This chamber was lit with wax, in silver sconces, scattered here and there along the walls, and the dim light from which faintly glanced on the polished helmets and cuirasses of the

soldiers. Thence we entered the Presence Chamber, hung with black in the same way, and lined with Yeomen of the Guard, their partisans clothed with black crape. The lights in this apartment were rather more numerous than in the preceding one. The company then came at once into the "King's Drawing-room"—where the mortal remains of George the Fourth were reposing.

The State Apartment was fitted up with suitable and solemn grandeur, and our Engraving is from the exact point at which the public entered. In the centre is raised a canopy of rich purple cloth, decorated in front with four small Escutcheons of the Royal Arms. Beneath is the Royal Coffin, placed on trestles, about three feet high, and covered with a purple velvet pall, ornamented on each side by ten escutcheons of the Royal Arms, and edged with silver, the ornaments at the foot of the coffin being only exposed. On the top of the coffin are placed the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom, and the Crown of Hanover, on two large purple velvet cushions.* Beneath the coffin in front is a large escutcheon of the Arms of England. At the head of the corpse is a Lord of his late Majesty's Bedchamber, between two Grooms of the Bedchamber. At the foot stand two Pursuivants bareheaded, in their emblazoned tabards; and on each side are three stupendous wax-lights, in massive silver gilt candelabra, of the richest chased workmanship, three feet in height, and elevated upon black cloth covered pedestals also three feet high. These beautiful candelabra were removed for this purpose from the Altars of Whitehall Chapel, the German Chapel of St. James's, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On each side of the coffin are also arranged the Gentlemen Ushers and members of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners supporting the Union Banner, and the banners of St. George of Scotland, of Ireland, of Hanover, and of Brunswick; and pendent beneath the canopy, above the coffin, hangs the richly-embroidered Royal Standard of England. The Royal Arms are magnificently emblazoned in a lozenge-shaped frame above the coffin; and this escutcheon is illuminated by silver sconces, with one wax-light in each. Yeomen of the Guard with their halberds covered

with black crape, flank the apartment on each side.

The apartment is draped with fine black cloth; the ceiling with gussets diverging from the centre in the manner of a marquee, and the walls festooned in columns extending from the floor to the ceiling. On each side are two rows of sconces with wax-lights, between which, the insignia of the Star, the Crown, and the Garter are multiplied in small escutcheons with considerable taste.

The light was properly kept down in all the ante-rooms and avenues, so that its full effulgence was preserved for the State Apartment, and even there its distribution was so managed as merely to illuminate the principal parts or objects, and leave the rest in gloom. Thus the gorgeousness of the trappings was, to use a familiar phrase, brought out with uncommon effect. The richness of the purple canopy, the superabundance of the coffin and its costly covering, the pall; the splendid masses of bright and flaming hues from the golden drapery of the Royal Standard, the Crowns, and Heralds' uniforms—imparted a deathlike and spectral paleness to the heads of the household mourners, which had an intensely interesting effect. They stood perfectly motionless, and like statues upon a sepulchre. The atmosphere of the apartment rose at times to a stifling heat; in short, the minutest details added to the sombre character of the whole scene, and its oppressive effect was even heightened by the still flame and faint smell of the wax-lights. It was the chamber of mortality and mute woe. The public passed through in one continuous stream, from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. They moved along in a slow, stealthy pace, the murmur of breathing, or the rustle of sable suits, being scarcely heard in any of the avenues of the apartment. The pageant and its paraphernalia reminded us of one "that spake only as a philosopher and natural man," when he said—

Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.
The pomp of death is more terrible than death itself.

Through the outer circle of the Engraving, the public were admitted to pass through the apartment. Behind this passage is the raised platform, to which persons were admitted by the Lord Chamberlain's tickets. They entered and retired by the grand staircase, which was divided by a railing, to prevent confusion; the company ascending on one side, and descending by the other.

* These were the actual crowns brought from the Regalia Office in the Tower of London. They were afterwards returned there: the crown placed on the coffin in the vault is of silver gilt.

The regress for the public was, as we have stated, by St. George's Tower; whence we emerged as it were from a fit of lurid melancholy, to enjoy the refreshing beauties of the park scenery.

At four o'clock on the first day, the lying-in-state ceremony closed; it recommenced on the following day, and finally closed at three in the afternoon.

An affecting incident is said to have occurred at the close of the last day: After the public had withdrawn from the State-room, two Gentlemen Pensioners and two Yeomen of the Guard being the only persons present, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, with their son Prince George, entered, and walked up to the steps of the platform on which the coffin rested. The Duchess burst into tears, and fell on her knees; the Duke stood a few moments with his eyes fixed upon the coffin, apparently absorbed in grief; he then ascended the steps, and leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the coffin, found relief in a flood of tears. The Duchess, rising from her knees, ascended the steps also, and bending over the coffin, mingled her grief with the Royal Duke's. The young Prince, with the curiosity of a child, examined the ornaments of the coffin, and seemed to look with wonder on the solemn scene. At the moment his royal mother fell on her knees, he seemed alarmed, and seized her by the arm. The royal pair remained several minutes in tears over the coffin; then turned slowly; and having regained the door, they turned round, again looked mournfully at the coffin, and at length withdrew, evidently overpowered by their feelings.*

(For descriptive particulars of the *Funeral, with an Engraving of the Procession, see the Supplement* published with the present Number.)

"GOD SAVE THE KING."†

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the *Mirror*, No. 341, you have given a copy of "*God save the King!*" with the alterations as sung at the *King's Theatre*, on the 29th of June, and the verse which has been added for the forthcoming Royal Birth Day. The latter (through an error of the

press) is deficient in a whole line. It should be as follows:—

"May ev'ry kinder ray
O'er William's natal day
New glories fling!
William, his people's friend!
Oh! may his fame extend
Till Time itself shall end!
God save the King!

Gower Place.

WM. BALL.

BALLAD STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

Nor—glory to the power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time!—are all
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot.

R. Montgomery.

Our cottage stood on a sunny hill,
To its walls the rich vines clung;
And the distant woods entwined a screen,
As with shout and song they rung.
I have breathed my prayer to the calm blue sky,
O'er the flows that cluster'd there;
And mirth has ting'd my childish eye,
As I gaz'd on a scene so fair.

Our cottage—is it standing now
Its sunny vine between;
Doth the curfew's hymn around it flow
From the distant woodland screen?
To me shall the sweet bell sing in vain
When the light of day departs;
For Death hath riv'n the magic chain
Which bound our blissful hearts!

R. AUGUSTINE.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE USE OF GLOVES.

(For the Mirror.)

"Right, Caxon, right as my glove—by the bye, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the sign of irrefragable faith."—*Sir W. Scott's "Antiquary."*

THE antiquity of this part of dress will form our first inquiry; and we shall then show its various uses in the several ages of the world.

It has been imagined by Favine, on the authority of the Chaldaic paraphrase, that gloves are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares, he will cast his *shoe* over Edom; and still farther back, supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 7., where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his *shoe* and giving it to his neighbour, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging anything. He also adds, that the Rabins interpret it as gloves. Xenophon gives a clear account of gloves. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, as a proof of their effeminacy, he observes—that not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Homer, describing Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with gloves on his hands, to secure them from

* We give this narrative upon the credit of the *Observer*. We see nothing in it beyond a fond expression of fraternal and family affection. Without some such feeling, humanity is but a poor, pitiable stalking horse of insensibility.

† Our correspondents are entreated to withhold all further communication on the "*National Anthem*."

the thorns. Varro, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In his treatise *de Re Rusticâ*, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those gathered with gloves. Athenæus speaks of a glutton who always came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company. These authorities show that the ancients were not strangers to the use of gloves, though their use was not common. In a hot climate, to wear gloves implies a considerable degree of effeminacy.

We can more clearly trace the early use of gloves in northern than in southern nations. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of gloves prevailed amongst the Romans; but not without some opposition from the philosophers. Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says—"It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. Pliny the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had gloves on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business. In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of gloves was become so universal, that even the Church thought a regulation in that point of dress necessary. In the reign of Lewis le Debonnaire, the Council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheepskin. Gloves, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of investitures, in bestowing lands, or in conferring dignities. Giving possession by the delivery of a glove prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002 the Bishops of Padertorn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a glove. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some abbots in France presuming to wear gloves, the Council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbade them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals: these being peculiar to bishops, who frequently wore them richly adorned. As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony

used in giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degradation. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached with holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says—"His spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off," &c.

Another use of gloves was in a duel: he who threw one down, was by this act understood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge. The use of single combat at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeals of fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding rights and property.

Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel, appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiffs appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately taking up, carried it off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed. This affair was, however, adjusted, by the queen's judicious interference. The ceremony of challenging by a glove at the coronation of the kings of England, by his majesty's champion, is known to the youngest of readers, and needs no repetition here. Brand says—"Can the custom of dropping or sending the glove, as the signal of a challenge, have been derived from the circumstance of its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself?" The giving of the hand is well known to intimate that the person who does so will not deceive, but stand to his agreement. To "shake hands upon it" would not, it should seem, be very delicate in an agreement to fight, and therefore gloves may possibly have been deputed as substitutes. Challenging by the glove is still in use (says D'Israeli) in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a glove to the offending party is a challenge to a duel. The last use of gloves was for carrying the hawk, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France

still remaining, on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a glove in his hand.

The custom of giving gloves at weddings is of remote antiquity in England; for, in Ben Jonson's play of the *Silent Woman*, Lady Haughty observes to Morose—

"We see no ensigns of a wedding here—no character of a brideale:
Where be our sharves and our gloves?"

And also in Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648,

"What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'll give, and ribanings."

The ancient custom of hanging a garland of white roses, made of writing paper, and a pair of *white gloves*, over the pew of the unmarried villagers, who die in the flower of their age, is observed to this day (says Sir Walter Scott, in his *Notes to Miss Seward's works*) in the village of Egam (where Miss Seward was born), and in most villages and little towns in the Peak of Derbyshire.

Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear gloves on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no restraint, for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a *maiden assize*. Gough, in his *Sepulchral Monuments*, informs us that gloves formed no part of the *female dress* till after the reformation. There must exist some of the oldest gloves extant in the Denny family, as appears by the following glove anecdote:

At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6th, 1759, the gloves given by Henry the Eighth to Sir Anthony Denny, were sold for 38*l.* 17*s.*; those given by James the First to his son, Edward Denny, for 22*l.* 4*s.*; the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, 25*l.* 4*s.*;—all of which were bought for Sir Thomas Denny of Ireland, who descended in a direct line from the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of the will of Henry the Eighth.

We meet with the term *glove money* in our old records; by which is meant money given to servants to buy gloves. This, probably, is the origin of the phrase *giving a pair of gloves*, to signify making a present for some favour or service, of which, by the way, Brady, in his *Clavis Calendaria*, gives us the following anecdote of that eminent statesman Sir Thomas More:—When Mrs. Croaker had obtained a decree in Chancery against Lord Arundel, she availed

herself of the first new-year's day after her success, to present to Sir Thomas, then the Lord Chancellor, a *pair of gloves*, containing forty pounds in angels, as a token of her gratitude. The gloves he received with satisfaction: these could not, perhaps, as the offering of the heart, be refused; but the gold he peremptorily, though politely, returned. "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's new-year's gift," said that great man, "and I accept the gloves; their lining you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

J. R. S.

THE ASSES ON MOUNT PARNASSUS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KARLOFF.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN Grecia's gods were forced to fly,

And give place to Mahomet;

Apollo's sent, Parnassus high,

The Muses driven from it;

Its groves, ay, ey'n Apollo's own,

Of by the poets sought,

With grass and thistles overgrown,

A turban'd Turk had bought.

And nine Arcadian coursers there,

The Turk had put to graze;

Pity that these same asses were

Unknown in *Æsop's* days.

But there they were—quoth they we're nine

" 'Tis just the Muse's number,

Upon Parnassus' mount we dine,

Why let our talkers slumber.

"Sweet melody from us shall come,

Poetic parts betraying:"

They without farther talk began

Incontinently braying.

The honest Turk beneath the shade,

Was taking his siesta,

Enraged that they his sleep invade,

And thus his slumbers pester,

With cudgel blows soon drives them off,

And with each ass does war wage,

They run, surprised the world should scoff,

And backs and talents, outrage.

THE DYING PRISONER.

(For the Mirror.)

On! raise me on my bed of straw, and let my

sight be blest,

By gazing on the smiling sun, fast setting in the

west,

Oh let me see the meadows green, the flowers in the grove,

The brightly flowing streamlet, and the mountains that I love.

Oh let me hear the warbler's song, break through the leafy trees,

Oh let me feel the breath of heaven, the evening summer breeze,

Oh let me once more gaze upon the blue unclouded sky,

And breathe beneath its brightness, my last heart broken sigh.

But no, my sight grows dim, I see not streamlet,
nor heath,
The smiling sky above me, or the rippling wave
beneath,
A mist wreathes fast around me; I cannot see
the grove,
And hid, ah hid for ever! are the mountains
that I love.
But I can FEEL, the breath of heaven, upon my
burning brain,
And I can HEAR, the warbler's song in wild me-
lodious strain,
I hear no more—my heart grows cold—still all is
joy to me—
For now I die beneath the vault of heaven—and
I'm FREE,

A. J. W. MARTIN.

Notes of a Reader.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

"Tis done—but yesterday a King!"

BYRON.

"EARTH to earth"—the tale is old,
Yet 'tis daily, hourly told.—
"Dust to dust"—the doom of man,
Ever since the world began.
When the soul returns to GOD,
On the coffin falls the clod;
And the lonely sleeper round
Night and silence sink profound.

Drops the sceptre from thy hand,
Monarch of a mighty land!
Ruler of the isles and sea,
What of them remains to thee
But a lowly bed of rest,
Waiting for its kingly guest—
But a pillow for the head
Of the throneless, crownless dead!

Yet it seems but yesterday
When, amidst a proud array,
On Edina's rock he stood—
And the halls of Holyrood,
By their kings deserted long,
Hailed him 'midst a courtly throng,
And the cannon pealed on high
His glad welcome to the sky.

Now the sullen minute-gun
Tells us that his race is run—
And the deep-toned doleful bell,
Far and wide, peals forth his knell;—
And the crowds, whose raptured roar
Hailed him to our mountain shore,
Now in silent sorrow bend,
As if each had lost a friend.

Reckless of a nation's groans,
Hurling monarchs from their thrones,
With their vassals down to lie,
Death assails earth's places high;
With a paralyzing hand
Sweeps his scythe and shakes his hand.
And on dread behests of fate
Knocks upon the palace gate.

But the dead, with honour palmed,
In our hearts shall be embalmed,
And the glories of his reign,
Gained in many a red campaign—
While, where parted kins repose,
Amidst their cold and coffin'd rows,
Sound he sleeps, in peace unknown
To "the head that wears a crown."

Morning Herald.

THE WRITTEN MOUNTAINS.

On the Written Mountains, in the Great
Desert, there are thousands of inscrip-

tions, in various languages, for the most
part in unknown characters. A great
proportion have the sign of the cross.
They are scattered over the rocks on
each side, for the space of a mile. Occa-
sionally are figures of camels, which
are by some supposed to have been cut
by the Jews in their passage. This
may be the case in a few instances; but
the prevalence of the cross prevents this
holding good generally. They are proba-
bly the work of pilgrims, Jewish and
others.

HUNTING.

ALL men who are eloquent on the
cruelty of hunting, beat their wives.
That is a general rule, admitting of no
exceptions. There is another. All men
who stammer on the cruelty of hunting,
are beaten by their wives. Fortunately
these classes are not numerous, other-
wise we should be a cock-pecked and
hen-pecked generation. Humanity, in
the long run, rejoices in pursuing unto
the death, on foot or horseback, lions,
tigers, bears, wolves, hyenas, foxes,
marts, and hares. Were you to talk
to himself of the cruelty of killing a
lion, he would stun you with a roar of
derision—to a tiger, his stripes would
wax blacker and brighter in contempt—
to a bear, he would hug you to his heart,
as the choicest of all imaginable ninnies
—to a wolf, he would suspect you of
being a man-trap—to a hyena, he would
laugh in your face—to a fox, he would
give you such a brush you never had
in your life—to a mart, he would look
so sweet upon you that you would be
scented like a milliner—to a hare, he
would prick up his ears in vain emu-
lation of the length of your own, and
wonder to see an ass among the Bipeds.
They all perfectly well know they were
made to be hunted—that they are pro-
vided to fit them for that end, with cer-
tain organs and members, which other-
wise would be, comparatively speaking,
of little or no use, and would get so
rusty, that ere long the creatures would
be almost incapable of locomotion, and
would absolutely die of fat—the most
cruel death in all the catalogue. There-
fore, let Sir John Brute and Jerry
Sneak henceforth—on the subject of
hunting—belong to the dumb animals.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HOW TO GET UP A REVOLUTION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In a country like this, where, in every
class of life, there are but few occupa-
tions, there must of necessity be many

idlers, and idlers are generally the most discontented of mankind. These meet at corners of streets, in *pulperias*, and in coffee-houses, to pass the time in smoking cigars. One of the party accidentally mentions that "Don Fulano has got an appointment under government, of fifty dollars a month."—"How came he to get it?" says another. "I have more right to it than he," says a third. "Let us have a revolution," says a fourth. "*Corriente!*—with all my heart!" is the unanimous exclamation of the party. Fresh cigars are immediately lighted, and before they are smoked out, the "revolution" is planned. Guns, swords, and pistols, are talked of, and some few are probably obtained; but, being more for the presumed object of protection to themselves than of injury to others, arms are not of paramount importance. If the "revolutionists" understand that their plot has been discovered, they abscond in all haste to distant towns and villages, where they reside in quiet till their scheme has been forgotten, which generally happens in the course of a few weeks. If they have not been able to effect their escape, and are made prisoners, ten to one but they are thrown into gaol, where they probably remain also a few weeks, and are again let loose, one of them, in the mean-time, being selected to be shot in the great square, *pour encourager les autres*. But if they prove successful, which sometimes happens, they turn out of office the existing authorities, and instal themselves and friends. The first act of the new government is always to repeal some measure of their predecessors which had not met with public approbation; this, with a proclamation of pardon and oblivion of all past political offences, obtains popularity; a ball is given at the *cabildo*, and every thing goes on smoothly for a whole moon perhaps; when another cigar-party assembles, and acts, with little alteration, the same farce over again. But what, it may be asked are the military doing all this time?—smoking their cigars.—*Temple's Travels.*

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

NOTHING can be more deceitful than the unction which Dr. Francis Hutchinson lays to his soul, when he ventures to assert that England was one of those countries where the horrors of witchcraft were least felt and earliest suppressed. Witness the trials and convictions which, even before the enactment of any penal statute, took place for

this imaginary offence, as in the case of Bolingbroke and Margery Jourdain, whose incantations the genius of Shakspeare has rendered familiar to us in the Second Part of King Henry VI. Witness the successive statutes of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, and of James I., the last only repealed in 1736, and passed while Coke was attorney-general, and Bacon a member of the Commons! Witness the exploits of Hopkins, the witch-finder-general, against the wretched creatures in Lincolnshire, of whom—

Some only for not being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches.
Hudibras, Part II. Canto III.

What would the Doctor have said to the list of THREE THOUSAND victims executed during the dynasty of the Long Parliament alone, which Zachary Grey, the editor of *Hudibras*, says he himself perused? What absurdities can exceed those sworn to in the trials of the witches of Warbois, whose fate was, in Dr. Hutchinson's days, and perhaps is still annually, "improved" in a commemoration sermon at Cambridge? or in the case of the luckless Lancashire witches, sacrificed, as afterwards appeared, to the villany of the impostor Robinson, whose story furnished materials to the dramatic muse of Heywood and Shadwell? How melancholy is the spectacle of a man like Hale condemning Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, in 1664, on evidence which, though corroborated by the opinion of Sir Thomas Browne, a child would now be disposed to laugh at? A better order of things, it is true, commences with the chief-justiceship of Holt. The evidence against Mother Munnings, in 1694, would, with a man of weaker intellect, have sealed the fate of the unfortunate old woman; but Holt charged the jury with such firmness and good sense, that a verdict of not guilty, almost the first then on record in a trial for witchcraft, was found. In about ten other trials before Holt, from 1694 to 1701, the result was the same. Wenham's case, which followed in 1711, sufficiently evinced the change which had taken place in the feelings of judges. Throughout the whole trial, Chief Justice Powell seems to have sneered openly at the absurdities which the witnesses, and in particular the clergymen who were examined, were endeavouring to press upon the jury; but with all his exertions, a verdict of guilty was found against the prisoner. With the view, however, of securing her pardon, by

showing how far the prejudices of the jury had gone, he asked when the verdict was given in, "whether they found her guilty upon the indictment for conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" The foreman answered, "we find her guilty of that!" It is almost needless to add, that a pardon was procured for her. And yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged *nine*, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm, by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes; the penal statutes against witchcraft being repealed in 1736, and the pretended exercise of such arts being punished in future by imprisonment and pillory. Even yet, however, the case of *Rex v. Weldon*, in 1809, and the still later case of *Barker v. Ray*, in Chancery, (August 2, 1827,) prove that the popular belief in such practices has by no means ceased; and it is only about two years ago, that a poor woman narrowly escaped with her life from a revival of Hopkins's trial by water. Barrington, in his observations on the statute 20 Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on this charge at 30,000!—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

PERUVIAN DRINKING CUSTOMS.

ACCEPT with grateful acknowledgment the remains of a glass of rum; the more lips it has touched the more cordiality in the dram;—off with it! and beware of wiping your mouth either before or after it. Should you be induced to wipe the brim of the glass before drinking, or turn it between yourself and the light to seek a little space free from humidity, your reputation is gone for ever!—"Que barbaro!—Que hombre tan groséro!"—"Jesus! José! Jesus!" When a lady selects a gentleman from the company, by beckoning, or calling him to take her glass and sip after her, the compliment is then highly enviable; and whether her lips be pale and shrivelled by the wintry effect of years, or cherry-ripe and pouting in the fragrance of summer, he is bound by the well-understood laws of respect, etiquette, honour, gallantry, love, and all their little jealousies, to imprint his own lips upon the precise spot where those were placed which preceded him, and then to take off the very last drop in the glass.—*Temple's Travels*.

SILESIA PEASANTRY.

In passing through Silesia, the traveller will be often struck by the appearance of altars, raised amid the clump of trees scattered throughout the country, where the peasant offers up his prayer at leisure. The costume of the female, in these parts is singularly unbecoming. The head is enveloped in a large white napkin, covering the hair, none of which is visible, excepting a long plaited tail, hanging down the back, the end of which is ornamented with a knot of red and white ribbon. The person of the female is wrapped up in a large white sheet, beneath which is a blue cloth petticoat, bordered with red fringe, and in front a white or striped apron. The legs are covered with immense, thick, coarse, red stockings; and on the feet they wear large shoes. Altogether, the costume is one of the most strange appearance that can be met with.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DAVY JONES AND THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.*

We had refitted, and been four days at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica, when the gun-room officers gave our mess a blowout.

The increased motion and rushing of the vessel through the water, the groaning of the masts, the howling of the rising gale, and the frequent trampling of the watch on deck, were prophetic of wet jackets to some of us; still midshipman-like, we were as happy as a good dinner and some wine could make us, until the old gunner shoved his weather-beaten phiz and bald pate in at the door. "Beg pardon, Mr. Splinter, but if you will spare Mr. Cringle on the forecastle for an hour until the moon rises."—"("Spare," quotha, "is his majesty's officer a joint stool?")—"Why, Mr. Kennedy, why? here, man, take a glass of grog."—"I thank you, sir. It is coming on a roughish night, sir; the running ships should be crossing us hereabouts; indeed more than once I thought there was a strange sail close aboard of us, the scud is flying so low, and in such white flakes; and none of us have an eye like Mr. Cringle, unless it be John Crow, and he is all but frozen."—"Well, Tom, I suppose you *will* go." Anglice from a first lieutenant to a mid—"Brush instanter."

* See "Cruise of the Torch," in *Mirror*, vol. xv.

Having changed my uniform, for shag trousers, pea-jacket, and south-west cap, I went forward, and took my station, in no pleasant humour, on the stowed jib, with my arm round the stay. I had been half an hour there, the weather was getting worse, the rain was beating in my face, and the spray from the stern was flashing over me, as it roared through the waste of sparkling and hissing waters. I turned my back to the weather for a moment, to press my hand on my strained eyes. When I opened them, I saw the gunner's gaunt, high-featured visage thrust anxiously forward; his profile looked as if rubbed over with phosphorus, and his whole person as if we had been playing at snap-dragon. "What has come over you, Mr. Kennedy?—who is burning the bluelight now?"—"A wiser man than I am must tell you that; look forward, Mr. Cringle—look there; what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw, at the extreme end of the jib-boom, what I had read of, certainly, but never expected to see, a pale, greenish, glow-worm coloured flame, of the size and shape of the frosted glass shade over the swinging lamp in the gun-room. It drew out and flattened as the vessel pitched and rose again, and as she sheered about it, wavered round the point that seemed to attract it, like a soapsud bubble blown from a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into the air; at the core it was comparatively bright, but faded into a halo. It shed a baleful and ominous light on the surrounding objects; the group of sailors on the fore-castle looked like spectres, and they shrunk together, and whispered when it began to roll slowly along the spar towards where the boatswain was sitting at my feet. At this instant something slid down the stay, and a cold clammy hand passed round my neck. I was within an ace of losing my hold, and tumbling overboard. "Heaven have mercy on me, what's that?"—"It's that skylarking son of a gun, Jem Sparkle's monkey, sir. You, Jem, you'll never rest till that brute is made shark bait of." But Jackoo vanished up the stay again, chuckling and grinning in the ghostly radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit of the Lamp." The light was still there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst of vapour from a steam boiler, came down upon the gale, and flew past, when it disappeared. I followed the white mass as it sailed down the wind; it did not, as it appeared to me, vanish in the darkness, but seemed to remain in sight to leeward, as if

checked by a sudden flaw; yet none of our sails were taken aback. A thought flashed on me. I peered still more intensely into the night. I was now certain. "A sail, broad on the lee-bow." The ship was in a buz in a moment. The captain answered from the quarter-deck—"Thank you, Mr. Cringle. How shall we steer?"—"Keep her away a couple of points, sir, steady."—"Steady," sung the man at the helm; and a slow melancholy cadence, although a familiar sound to me, now moaned through the rushing of the wind, and smote upon my heart as if it had been the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the boatswain, who was now standing beside me—"Is that you or *Davy* steering, Mr. Nipper? if you had not been there bodily at my elbow, I could have sworn that was your voice." When the gunner made the same remark it startled the poor fellow; he tried to take it as a joke, but could not. "There may be a laced hammock with a shot in it, for some of us ere morning."

At this moment, to my dismay, the object we were chasing, shortened,—gradually fell abeam of us, and finally disappeared. "The Flying Dutchman."—"I can't see her at all now."—"She will be a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel that has tacked, sir." And sure enough, after a few seconds, I saw the white object lengthen, and draw out again abaft our beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put the helm down, or she will go to windward of us." We tacked also, and time it was we did so, for the rising moon now showed us a large schooner under a crowd of sail. We edged down on her, when finding her manœuvre detected, she brailled up her flat sails, and bore up before the wind. This was our best point of sailing, and we cracked on, the captain rubbing his hands—"It's my turn to be the big un this time." Although blowing a strong north-wester, it was now clear moonlight, and we hammered away from our bow guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly hulled her, from the glimmering white streaks along her counter and across her stern, occasioned by the splintering of the timber, but it seemed to produce no effect.

At length we drew well up on her quarter. She continued all black hull and white sail, not a soul to be seen on deck, except a dark object, which we took for the man at the helm. "What schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave

to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent. "Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you could pick off that chap at the wheel?" The marine jumped on the fore-castle, and levelled his piece, when a musket-shot from the schooner crashed through his skull, and he fell dead. The old skipper's blood was up. "Fore-castle there! Mr. Nipper, clap a canister of grape over the round shot, into the boat gun, and give it to him."—"Ay, ay, sir!" gleefully rejoined the boatswain, forgetting the augury and every thing else in the excitement of the moment. In a twinkling, the square foresail—top-gallant—royal—and studding-sail haul-yards were let go by the run on board of the schooner, as if they had been shot away, and he put his helm hard aport as if to round to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the stern. He has *not* surrendered. —I know their game. Give him your broadside, sir, or he is off to windward of you like a shot. No, no, we have him now; heave to, Mr. Splinter, heave to!" We did so, and that so suddenly, that the studding-sail booms snapped like pipe shanks, short off by the irons. Notwithstanding we had shot two hundred yards to the leeward before we could lay our maintopsail to the mast. I ran to windward. The schooner's yards and rigging were now black with men, clustered like bees swarming, her square sails were being close furled, her fore and aft sails set, and away she was dead to windward of us. "So much for undervaluing our American friends," grumbled Mr. Splinter.

We made all sail in chase, blazing away to little purpose; we had no chance on a bowline, and when our "Amigo" had satisfied himself of his superiority by one or two short tacks, he deliberately took a reef in his mainsail, hauled down his flying jib and gaff topsail, triced up the bunt of his foresail, and fired his long thirty-two at us. The shot came in at the third aftermost port on the starboard side, and dismounted the carronade, smashing the slide, and wounding three men. The second shot missed, and, as it was madness to remain to be peppered, probably winged, whilst every one of ours fell short, we reluctantly kept away on our course, having the gratification of hearing a clear well-blown bugle on board the schooner play up "Yankee Doodle." As the brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a parting crack at her, when the third and last shot from the schooner struck the sill of the midship port, and made the white splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks in the

moonlight. A sharp piercing cry rose into the air—my soul identified that death-shriek with the voice that I had heard, and I saw the man who was standing with the lanyard of the lock in his hand drop heavily across the breech, and discharge the gun in his fall. Thereupon a blood-red glare shot up into the cold blue sky, as if a volcano had burst forth from beneath the mighty deep, followed by a roar, and a shattering crash, and a mingling of unearthly cries and groans, and a concussion of the air, and of the water, as if our whole broadside had been fired at once. Then a solitary splash here, and a dip there, and short sharp yells, and low choking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noble vessel we had seen fell into the sea, and the last of her gallant crew vanished for ever beneath that pale broad moon. *We were alone, and once more all was dark and wild and stormy.* Fearfully had that ball sped, fired by a dead man's hand. But what is it that clings black and doubled across that fatal cannon, dripping and heavy, and choking the scuppers with clotting gore, and swaying to and fro with the motion of the vessel, like a bloody fleece? "Who is it that was hit at the gun there?"—"Mr. Nipper, the boatswain, sir. The last shot has cut him in two."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE INPALED TURK.—A TALE OF THE DEAD.

THERE was a dead silence. The male portion of the audience drew their chairs closer to the speaker,—the women lay down their needles, and were all attention. Reader, have you ever remarked a group of female listeners? have you ever admired the animated countenances; the large speaking eyes; the heaving bosoms; the stately necks of ivory white, straining forward with intense anxiety? the dear little hands, so soft, so delicate, they scarce can wield a fan; the—the—the—in short, if like me you are a judge of such matters, get invited or invite yourself to a *soirée*, bring about the introduction of a tale of wonder or of pathos, and then feast your eyes, as I did whilst waiting for the Turk to digest his exordium.

"Blessed be the name of the holy prophet!" said he at length, "but on one occasion I penetrated to the seraglio of Mahomet's successor, I dared to cast a profane eye on the chaste spouses of the brother of the sun and moon."

Here the attention of the listeners

was redoubled : a blooming Agnes who had scarcely numbered fifteen summers, and who, seated beside her mamma, had fixed her eyes on the speaker, at this juncture modestly resumed her work ; but somehow or other the needle found its way into her finger instead of the sampler.

"My name is Hassan," continued the Turk ; "my father was rich, and bequeathed his wealth to me. Like a true believer, I have devoted my life to the softer sex ; but my fastidiousness has always increased in proportion to the ardour of my passion. In vain did I in my youth frequent the most celebrated slave-markets : my delicate appetite could find no female worthy of partaking my flame. Each day the master of my harem paraded before me a new lot of female slaves — lovely creatures — black as ebony ; while now and then, to please my depraved taste, he would present a bevy of Circassians, white as ivory. All would not do. I became every day more difficult to please ; and, by the prophet, it went to my heart to lavish upon a female of imperfect symmetry the price that would have purchased a well-shaped Arab mare ! Still was I tormented by an undefinable longing ; and one evening, when my restless fancy had wandered into the regions of ideal perfection, I was suddenly assailed with a horrible temptation : in short I determined to penetrate, if possible, even to the secret recesses of the imperial seraglio.

"I have always detested concealment, and I scaled the walls of his highness in as much fancied security as though neither janizaries nor mutes were on the watch. It pleased the prophet to crown my rash design thus far with success. I traversed without accident the three hitherto impenetrable enclosures which defend the entrance of the seraglio from unhallowed footsteps ; and when daylight dawned, I gazed with impious curiosity upon the inviolable sanctuary. Conceive my surprise when by the pale light of the morning sun I could discern that the wives of Allah's vicegerent were formed like other women. The film fell from my eyes ; I was completely undeceived, and yet my imagination could scarcely credit the sad reality. A fit of tardy repentance stole across my mind, when suddenly I found myself seized by the mutes on guard.

"Dreadful was my crime : yet so easy is the yoke with which true believers are governed, that even had my guilt been proclaimed, it would have been merely a matter of decapitation

for me and the slumbering females upon whose unveiled countenances I had sacrilegiously gazed. It was, however, decided that this momentary stain should be carefully concealed from the knowledge of his highness ; and an aga having ordered me to be conducted with all possible secrecy from within the redoubtable enclosure, I was marched off to undergo the penalty which my heinous offence had merited.

"Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you may require a description of the punishment of impalement. The instrument employed on such occasions is sharp and pointed, and, placed on the top of one of our loftiest monuments, is not unlike one of those spiral conductors with which you unbelievers blindly defy the fury of the elements, and even the immutable decrees of destiny. Upon this instrument was I placed astride ; and that I might be enabled to preserve my equilibrium, to each of my feet were attached two heavy iron balls. My agony was intense : the iron slowly penetrated my flesh ; and the second sun, whose scorching rays now began to glitter on the domes of Constantinople, would not have found me alive at the hour of noon, had not the iron balls by some accident been disengaged from my feet : they fell with a tremendous crash, and from that instant my tortures became more endurable. I even conceived a hope that I should have escaped with life. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenery around Constantinople : the eye rests with delight on the broad expanse of ocean, sprinkled with green islands, and ploughed by majestic vessels. Spite of my sufferings, the view which I enjoyed was sublime. From the eminence on which I was perched, I could easily perceive that Constantinople was the queen of cities. I beheld at my feet her brilliant mosques, her beauteous palaces, her gardens suspended in the air, her spacious cemeteries, the peaceful retreat of opium-eaters and hydromel-drinkers ; and in the height of my gratitude for the glorious sight which the intercession of the prophet had procured me, I invoked the God of true believers. Doubtless my prayer was heard. An unbelieving dog — I crave your pardon, I mean a Christian priest — delivered me, at the peril of his life, and transported me to his humble dwelling. When my wounds were sufficiently healed I returned to my palace. My slaves prostrated themselves at my feet. The next morning I bought the first women that presented themselves, dipped my pipe in rose water ; and if I occasionally thought on his

highness and his janizaries, it was prudently to remind myself that women must be purchased such as Allah has made them, and, above all, to recollect that God is God, that Mahomet is his prophet, and that Stamboul is the pearl of the East."—*Monthly Mag.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

LIVES OF BRITISH PHYSICIANS.

We scarcely think this a well-chosen volume for the "*Family Library*;" at least we did not expect it would fall so early in the Series. Still, it is a volume of extreme interest and value, although its reading is not just of the character for the drawing-room or family book-table.

The Memoirs are eighteen in number, (rather too many to be satisfactory,) Drs. Linacre, Caius, Harvey, Browne, Sydenham, Radcliffe, Mead, Huxham, Pringle, Fothergill, Heberden, Cullen, Hunter, Warren, Baillie, Jenner, Parry, and Gooch—or from the year 1460 to 1830.

We have gleaned the following from the Memoir of Caius:—

The Sweating Sickness.

"This curious disease appeared, for the first time, in the army of the Earl of Richmond, upon his landing at Milford-Haven in 1485, and spread to London, where it raged from the beginning of August to the end of October. So formidable and fatal were its effects, that the coronation of Henry VII., the victor in the battle of Bosworth Field, was deferred till this strange pestilence had subsided. It was a species of malady unknown to any other age or nation, which occasioned the sudden death of great multitudes. Caius describes it, as it appeared for the last time among us. The treatment of it is perhaps the most interesting, at least affords us the most amusing particulars. It turns upon the sole idea of promoting the sweat, and Caius lays down the strictest rules for avoiding anything that might expose the patient to the least cold, or check this salutary and critical evacuation. On this point he is peremptory. "If two be taken in one bed, let them so continue, although it be to their unquietness; for fear whereof, and for the more quietness and safety, very good it is, during all the sweating time, that two

persons lie not in one bed."* To promote perspiration they are ordered to drink posset ale, made of sweet milk, turned with vinegar, in a quart whereof parsley and sage, of each half one little handful, hath been sodden, &c. If under this treatment, loaded with bed-clothes, and almost stifled with heat, they happen to feel faint, "cause them," says the doctor, "to lie on their right side, and bow themselves forward, call them by their names, beat them with a rosemary branch, or some other sweet little thing—do not let them on any account sleep, but pull them by the ears, nose, and hair, suffering them in no wise to sleep, until such time as they have no luste to sleep; except to a learned man in physick, the case appears to bear the contrary. If under this discipline they happily recover, and find their strength be sore wasted, let them smell to an old sweet apple, and use other restoratives of similar efficacy; "for," concludes Dr. Caius, "there is nothing more comfortable to the spirits than good and sweet odours."

"The disease was of the most malignant and fatal character; it immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in one hour, many in two, and at the longest "to them that merrily dined, it gave a sorrowful supper."

"He called it 'Ephemera,' or a fever of one natural day, for it lasted only twenty-four hours. In the fifth year of the reign of Edward VI. it began at Shrewsbury in the midst of April, and proceeded with great mortality to Ludlow, and other places in Wales, then to Chester, Coventry, Oxford, and other towns in the south; it reached London 7th July, from thence it went through the east part of England into the north, till the end of August, and entirely

* The manners and mode of life of our ancestors, as may be inferred from this precept, were probably nearly the same at this time as they were described by Erasmus about thirty years before; the condition of which may be supposed to have contributed to deter him from accepting the splendid offers of Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey, made to induce that great scholar to fix his residence in England. "A magnificent apartment, a yearly pension of six hundred florins, and a benefice that produced yearly one hundred marks, were not sufficient to counterbalance the disgust he felt at the incommodious and bad exposition of the house, the filthiness of the streets, and the sluttishness within doors. The floors," continues Erasmus in his Letters, "are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes, under which lie unmoleted an ancient collection of lees, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and every thing that is nasty." To such a sordid and uncleanly mode of life, Erasmus was disposed to impute the frequent visits of the plague in England; and there can be no question that it would also mainly contribute to the spread and devastation of the epidemic sickness described by Caius.

ceased towards the close of September. Caius enumerates many causes of the disease, but chiefly shows why it attacks the English more than any other nation. "The reason is none other than the evil diet of the country, which destroyeth more meats and drinks, without all order, convenient time, reason, or necessity, than either Scotland, or all other countries under the sun, to the great annoyance of their own bodies and wits, hindrance of those which have need, and great dearth and scarcity in the commonwealth. Wherefore if Esculapius, the inventor of physick, the saver of men from death, and restorer to life, should return again to this world, he could not save those sorts of men." In corroboration of this, he remarks, "that those who had the disease, sore with peril or death, were either men of wealth, ease, and welfare; or of the poorer sort, such as were idle persons, good ale drinkers, and tavern haunters—the laborious and thin dieted escaped."

"The symptoms of the sweating sickness were as follows:—it affected some particular part, attended with inward heat and burning, unquenchable thirst, restlessness, sickness at stomach and heart (though seldom vomiting,) headache, delirium, then faintness and drowsiness; the pulse quick and vehement, and the breath short and labouring. Children, poor and old women were less subject to it—of others scarce any escaped the attack, and most died; in Shrewsbury, where it lasted seven months, about a thousand perished. Even by travelling into France, or Flanders, the English, according to Caius, did not escape; and what is stranger, "even the Scotch were free, and abroad, English only affected, and foreigners not affected in England." None recovered under twenty-four hours.

"It has been mentioned before that it first showed itself in England in 1485—it appeared again in 1506—afterwards in 1517, when it was so violent that it killed in the space of three hours; so that many of the nobility died, and of the vulgar sort in several towns half often perished. It appeared also in 1548, and proved mortal then in the space of six hours; many of the courtiers died of it, and Henry VIII. himself was in danger. In 1529, and only then, it infested the Netherlands and Germany; in which last country it did much mischief, and destroyed many, and particularly was the occasion of interrupting a conference at Marpurgh, between Luther and Zuinglius, about the Eucharist. The last appearance of the sweat-

ing sickness in England was in 1551, when in Westminster it carried off one hundred and twenty in a day, and the two sons of Charles Brandon, both Dukes of Suffolk, died of it.

"This is a short outline of the treatise of Caius upon this singular disease."

Next is a passage on *Harvey's Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood*.

"Harvey's work cost him twenty-six years to bring it to maturity; his discovery was ill received, most persons opposed it, others said it was old, very few agreed with him. He had, indeed, his admirers; witness, for example, certain verses which were addressed "To the Incomparable Dr. Harvey, on his Book of the Motion of the Heart and Blood," in which these lines occur:—

There didst thou trace the blood, and first behold
What dreams mistaken sages coined of old.
For till thy Pegasus the fountain brake,
The crimson blood was but a crimson lake,
Which first from thee did tyde and motion gaine,
And veins became its channel, not its chaine
With Drake and Ca'ndish hence thy bays are
curl'd,

Fam'd circulator of the lesser world.

But the epithet *circulator*, in its Latin invidious signification (quack), was applied to him by many in derision, and his researches and discoveries were treated by his adversaries with contempt and reproach. To an intimate friend he himself complained, that after his book of the circulation came out he fell considerably in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained: all his contemporary physicians were against his opinion, and envied him the fame he was likely to acquire by his discovery. That reputation he did, however, ultimately enjoy; about twenty-five years after the publication of his system, it was received in all the universities of the world—and Hobbes has observed, that Harvey was the only man perhaps who ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his lifetime.

"The original MSS. of Harvey's lectures are preserved, it is said, in the British Museum, and some very curious preparations, (rude enough as compared with the present ingenious methods of preserving parts of the human body,) which either he himself made at Padua, or procured from that celebrated school of medicine, and which most probably he exhibited to his class during his course of lectures on the circulation, are now in the College of Physicians; they consist of six tables or boards, upon which are spread the different nerves and blood-vessels, carefully dis-

sected out of the body ; in one of them the semilunar valves of the aorta are distinctly to be seen. Now, these valves, placed at the origin of the arteries, must, together with the valves of the veins, have furnished Harvey with the most striking and conclusive arguments in support of his novel doctrines.

"The interesting relics just mentioned had been carefully kept at Burleigh-on-the-hill, and were presented to the College by the Earl of Winchilsea, the direct descendant of the Lord Chancellor Nottingham, who married the niece of the illustrious discoverer of the circulation of the blood."

The Memoir of Sir Thomas Browne is rather an account of his works than of his Life, and as all our readers may not be acquainted with the writings of this eccentric man, we shall hereafter quote the "Family" editor's account of one of the most curious of Sir Thomas's works.

We can say but little of the remaining Biographies. In that of Sydenham is an interesting account of the Plague, rendered somewhat familiar by the recent publication of Evelyn's and Pepys's *Diaries*. Radcliffe and Mead's *Memoirs* have many thrice-told anecdotes ; and Jenner's *Life* has so lately been before us

There are four plate portraits, and wood-cuts of the London College of Physicians, Caius's Tomb, and Sydenham's Birthplace. The vignette of the College is a wretched performance.

LITERARY BEAUTIES OF THE SCRIPTURE.

FAMILY Biographies are usually the most valuable records of human character. They acquaint us with the habits and peculiarities of individuals, which, probably would not otherwise reach us ; and they give us a better insight of the mind and heart than could reasonably be expected from other sources.

To this class of works belongs "A Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Lloyd, M. A., late Vicar of Lois-Weedon, Northampton, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge." It is written by the Rev. R. Lloyd, Rector of St. Dunstan in the West, and brother of the lamented subject of the Memoir. The latter was the eldest son of the Rev. John Lloyd, who was for fifty years Rector of Thorp, Derbyshire, so celebrated for that picturesque and romantic vale called Dove-dale. "He had also a living in Montgomeryshire, of which he was the Incumbent

about forty years,—but he did not reside on either of his rectories, as there was no parsonage-house fit for the accommodation of his family. He lived at Wrexham, in Derbyshire, of which parish he was Curate under Dr. Shipley, the late Dean of St. Asaph, and father-in-law of the excellent Bishop Heber."

With so amiable an example in his own family, Mr. Lloyd appears to have discharged his duties as tutor of a college and a parochial minister with the zeal and benevolence which adorn the christian character ; and though his life presents but few stirring incidents, it is grateful to contemplate such a man "in the calm and even," though important, "tenor of his way." It would not be difficult for us to illustrate what we have said by a quotation from the Memoir ; but as possessing more interest for the general reader, and better displaying the cultivated talent of the deceased, we extract a page from an "Essay on the Literary Beauties of the Scriptures," in the same volume—

"The declarations of Scripture inspire the most exalted sensations that we are capable of, and fill the soul with pleasing wonder and astonishment. We need only examine them as they present to us the Supreme Being, in order to be convinced of this. Are we terrified at the giant strides of Homer's Neptune, "under which the mountains trembled," or at the nod of his Jupiter, "by which the whole heavens were shaken ?" With what superior awe and dignity does Jehovah rise upon us, either when first introduced to us in the wonderful works of creation, saying, "Let there be light and there was light ;" or when he bowed the heavens and came down to Mount Sinai, "and it quaked greatly, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace !" Pindar's Jove "sits enthroned on clouds," but "does he make his pavilion round about him with dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky ?" Is he "clothed with light as with a garment ?" Hath "he stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and laid the beams of his chambers in the waters ?" It is not easy to collect and enumerate all the grand representations of God in Scripture. "He is the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity," in whose sight a "thousand years are but as yesterday ;" so pure and holy, that "the very heavens are unclean before him ;" so powerful, that "he killeth and maketh alive ;" of such omniscience, that he knoweth the thoughts of man afar off ;" and of such mercy and goodness that "he waiteth to be gracious

and to forgive." In this presence as it were of the true and living God, how does the whole system of Pagan superstition melt away as mist, before the morning sun! These descriptions of him as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which the poets give us as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of Salmoneus. The idol set up by poetical invention is no longer revered, and only serves to show how unable man was to form any just and proper conceptions of his Creator.

"But with what a superior dignity and simple grandeur is the diction of the evangelical Prophet fraught! In what a rich garment, how thickly crowded with bright images, tropes, and figures, are his truly sublime and vigorous ideas habited! Æschylus is no longer bold and daring in his expressions, when compared with Isaiah, who rolls them on in rapid and continued succession, whilst the other at intervals only breaks forth into them: and what are they in the Grecian, but faint and sickly glimmerings of light, that cast a transient gleam over the sky, before the sun arises upon the morn? But the Jewish writer, like the noon-day sun, shines forth in full brightness and splendour; nor need we look further than to the difference of their subjects, in order to see the reason why that fire of imagination, which has subjected the tragedian to some censure, blazes out in the prophet with so general applause and approbation: it is because the sense of the one seems often overstrained, and will not bear the image applied; whereas so great and glorious is the matter of the other, that to treat it in a less exalted manner would be to disgrace it, and the only danger was, lest throughout the whole range of diction no words could be found strong enough to convey an adequate sense of his conceptions."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of uncon sidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

DR. GOOCH.

IN the autumn of 1822 Gooch made a tour through North Wales; and on his return passed a day in the company of Dr. Parr, at Warwick. They had previously met in London; and Gooch afterwards gave an account of these two interviews in a lively paper, which was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and entitled, *Two Days with Dr. Parr*. On this occasion, when speaking of the

different professions, and relative advantages and disadvantages of each, Parr said, the most desirable was that of physic, which was equally favourable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. One of the party reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson. "I remember it well," said Parr; "I gave him no quarter,—the subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great: whilst he was arguing I observed that he stamped; upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Sir, because you stamped, and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.'"

QUEEN'S BOOTS.

IN Rutlandshire is the ancient village of Ketton. Its tenure is by knight's service; and it is a curious fact, that the sheriffs of the county collect annually a rent of two shillings from the inhabitants, "pro ocreis reginæ," which (says Brewer) can only be translated "for the queen's boots." P. T. W.

M. PARIS tells us, that at the funeral of Henry II. the body was dressed in the royal robes, a gold crown on the head, and shoes wrought with gold on the feet. In this manner it was shewn to the people, with the face uncovered.

QUEEN MARY, wife of James VII. was not crowned with the imperial crown of England; but there was a new one of gold made on purpose for her, worth 300,000*l.* sterling, and the jewels she had on her were reckoned to a million.

WILLIAM IV.

Our present King was the first Prince of the Blood Royal that ever landed in North America or Ireland, 1781—1788. P. T. W.

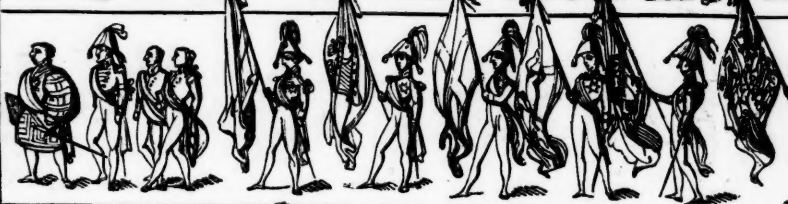
Funeral of George IV.

*. * SINCE this sheet went to press we have ascertained that it will be impracticable to produce the SUPPLEMENT containing the Engraving of the

Funeral Procession

till the middle of the ensuing week. This Engraving will contain upwards of Four Hundred Figures; and the labour requisite for their completion will, we trust, apologize for the present delay. In consequence also of the above arrangement, the View of ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL will be given in No. 445—to be published Aug 7; but the No. (444) of Saturday next will contain a Large Engraving of collateral interest.

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